4d

CANAANS CALAMITIE,

IERVSALEMS MISERY,

AND

Englands Mirror.

The dolefull Deſtruction of faire IERUSALEM by *Titus*, the Sonne of *Veſpeſian* Emperour of *Rome*, in the yeare of CHRISTS *Incarnation* 74.

Wherein is ſhewed the wonderfull miſeries which God brought upon that City for ſinne, being utterly overthrowne and deſtroyed by *Sword, Peſtilence*, and *Famine*.

Briefly gathered into this ſmall volume, for the benefit of all well diſpoſed perſons, wherein they ſhall *finde many ſtrange and notable things, worthy to bee* regarded and had in remembrance.

LONDON,
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¶ *To the right Worſhipfull M. Richard Kingſmill* Eſquier, Iuſtice of Peace and Quorum in the County of Southampton, and Surveyor of *her Majeſties Courts of Wardes and Liveries, All proſperity and happineſſe.*

HAving (right worſhipfull) often heard of your extraordinary favour, ſhewed in the depth of extremity, to ſome poore friends of mine, remaining in your pleaſant Lordſhip of *Highcleere:* by means whereof, they have had no ſmall comfort for the recovery of their wiſhed deſire: I have bin ſtudious how I might in ſome meaſure declare both their thankfulneſſe and mine own for ſo great a good. But ſuch is our weake ability that we cannot require the leaſt point of that life prolonging kindnes, which the riches of your courteſie did yeeld: nevertheleſſe to make apparent, that our poore eſtates ſhall not obſcure, or cloud with ingratitude, the well intending thoughts of our hearts: I have preſumed to preſent to your worſhip this little booke, an unfaigned token of our good affection, hoping that like the Princely *Perſian* you will more reſpect the good will then the gift, which I confeſſe farre unworthy ſo worthy a Patron in reſpect of the ſimple handling of ſo excellent a matter: But a plaine ſtile doth beſt become plaine truth, for a trifling fable hath moſt need of a pleſant pen. Wherefore if it ſhall pleaſe your Worſhip to eſteeme of my ſimple labour, and to let this paſſe under your favourable protection, I ſhall have the end of my deſire. And reſting thus in hope of your worſhips courteſie, I ceaſe, wiſhing you all hearts content in this life, and in the world to come eternall felicity.

In the yeare of our Lord God 1598.

Your Wor. moſt humbly affectionate.

T. D.

To the Gentlemen Readers health.

GEntlemen, I preſent you here with the mourning ſong of Ieruſalems ſorrowes whoſe deſtruction was propheſied by our Lord Ieſus Chriſt, while hee lived among them: notwithſtanding they neither regarded nor beleeved his words. And after they had in the malice of their hearts, compaſſed his death and that the Iudge ſought to cleare himſelfe of ſo foule a crime: The curſed Iewes cryed with one conſent ſaying: his bloud be on us, and on our Children. Which wicked wiſh of theirs the Lord brought to paſſe within a ſhort time after, as in this following Hiſtory you ſhall perceive. At what time both Citie and Temple was brought to utter confuſion: the miſery whereof was ſo extream as the like was never before, nor ſince: And you ſhall perceive that this deſtruction came upon them in time of their greateſt proſperity, when their gold and treaſure moſt abounded, when pride excelled, and that the people were bent to all Wantonneſſe. Such was their daintineſſe and delicacie, that they could not deviſe, with what meat they might beſt pleaſe their ſtomacks, wiſhing for better bread then could be made of Wheate: abuſing in ſuch ſort the bleſſings of God (which was in great abundance beſtowed upon them) that being glutted with too much wealth and plenty, they loathed every thing that bore not a high price: caſting ſcornefull eyes upon Gods great bleſſings: But in reading this Hiſtory, you ſhall ſee how ſoone their ſtate was changed, and the great plagues that followed their peeviſh and hatefull pride: by whoſe wofull fall, God grant us, and all Chriſtians to take example, leaſt following them in the like ſin, we feele the like ſmart. Vale.

Yours in all courteſie: T. D.

A deſcription of Ieruſalem *and the riches thereof.*

LIke to a Mourner clad in dolefull blacke,
That ſadly ſits to heare a heavy tale:
So muſt my pen proceed to ſhew the wrack
That did with terror *Sion* hill aſſaile.
What time *Ieruſalem* that Citie faire,
Was ſiegd & ſackt by high *Veſpaſians* heire.

A noble Iew *Ioſephus* writes the ſtory,
Of all the ſtories ever yet recited,
Never could any make the mind more ſorry,
Than that which he ſo dolefully indighted:
Which ſets in ſight how for abhomination,
That goodly Citie came to deſolation.

In all the world the like might not be ſeene,
To this faire City famous to behold,
A thouſand Towers ſtood there the ſtreets between
Whoſe carved ſtones great cunning did unfold:
The buildings all, ſo ſtately fine and rare,
That with *Ieruſalem* no place might compare.

In midſt whereof the glorious temple ſtood,
Which *Nehemiah* had ſo faire erected,
Whoſe Timber-worke was all of precious wood,
By Gods appointment wondrouſly effected:
Where all the people came with one accord,
And offered ſacrifice, unto the Lord.

Three ſtately walles begirt this Citie round,
Strongly rais'd up of gallant ſquared ſtone,
Vnpoſſible in ſight foes ſhould them confound,
By warlike Engines ſeized thereupon.
The ſpacious gates, moſt glorious to behold,
Were all gilt over with rich burniſht gold.

And round about *Ieruſalem* likewiſe,
Were pleaſant walkes prepar'd for recreation,
Sweet dainty gardens feeding gazers eyes,
With workes of wonder and high admiration,
Where in the midſt of ſweeteſt ſmelling flowers,
They built for pleaſure, many pleaſant bowers,

In treaſures ſtore this Citie did excell,
For pome and pride it was the onely place,
In her alone did richeſt Merchants dwell,
And famous Princes ſprung of Royall race:
And fairer dames did Nature never frame,
Then in that Citie dwelt, and thither came.

Chriſts Propheſie of the deſtruction of this Citie, and how it came to paſſe accordingly within Forty yeares after, ſhewing the cauſe that moved the Emperor to come againſt it.

Our

OF IERVSALEM.

OVR Saviour *Chriſt* tracing the bordered hils
When he on this faire Citie caſt his eye,
The teares along his roſiall cheeks diſtills:
Mourning for their deſtruction drawing nie.
O *Ieruſalem*, *Ieruſalem*, quoth he,
My heart bewayles thy great calamity.

The time ſhall come and neere it is at hand,
When furious foes ſhall trench thee round about,
And batter downe thy Towers that ſtately ſtand,
All thy ſtrong holds within thee and without:
Thy goulden buildings ſhall they quite confound
And make thee equall with the lowly ground.

O woe to them that then give ſucke he ſayes,
And lulle their Infants on their tender knees,
More woe to them that be with child. thoſe daies,
Wherein ſhall be ſuch extreame miſeries. (bin wiſe
Thou mightſt have ſhund theſe plagues hadſt thou
Which now for ſinne is hidden from thine eyes.

This dreadfull Propheſie ſpoken by our Lord,
The ſtubborne people nought at all regarded,
Whoſe Adamantall hearts, did ſtill accord
To follow ſinne, which was with ſhame rewarded.
They flouted him for telling of this ſtory,
And crucifide in ſpight the Lord of glory.

Re-

Reprochfully they fleered in his face,
That wept for them in tender true compaſſion,
They wrought his death and did him all diſgrace,
That ſought their life, and waild their deſolation:
Their hardned hearts beleevd not what was ſaid,
Vntill they ſaw the ſiege about them laid.

Full forty yeares after Chriſts paſſion
Did theſe proud people live in peace and reſt,
Whoſe wanton eyes ſeeing no alteration,
Chriſts word of truth, they turned to a jeſt:
But when they thought themſelves the ſureſt of all,
Lo then began their never raiſed fall.

Their mounting minds that towred paſt their ſtrength
Scorning ſubjection to the Roman ſtate,
In boyling hatred loathd their Lords at length,
Deſpiſed the Emperour with a deadly hate:
Rejecting his authority each houre,
Sought to expell the pride of forraine power.

Which foule contempt the Emperours wrath inflamd,
Mighty *Veſpaſian* hot revenge did threat,
But all in vaine, they would not be reclaimd,
Relying on their ſtrength and courage great:
And hereupon began the deadly ſtarre,
And after followed bloudy woefull warre.

The Signes and Tokens ſhewed *before the deſtruction, Alluring the Iewes to* repentance. and their little regard thereof, interpreting all things to be for the beſt, *flattering themſelves in their ſinnes.*

YEt marke the mercy of our gracious God,
Before the grievous ſcourge to them was ſent,
That they might ſhun his heavie ſmarting rod,
And heartily their filthy faults repent:
Strange ſignes and wonders did he ſhew them ſtill,
Fore-runners of their ruine, woe, and ill.

For one whole yeare as well by day as night,
A blazing ſtarre appeared in the skie,
Whoſe buſhie tayle was ſo excelling bright,
It dim'd the glory of the Sunnes faire eye:
And every one that on this object gazed,
At ſight thereof ſtood wondrous ſore amazed.

In right proportion it reſembled well,
A ſharpe two edged ſword of mighty ſtrength,
The piercing point a needle did excell,
And ſure it ſeem'd a miracle for length:
So ſtrange a ſtarre before was never ſeene,
And ſince that time, the like hath never beene.

And over right that goodly famous Cittie,
Hung ſtill this dreadfull apparition, (witty,
Which might have mov'd had they bin gracious,
For outward follies, inward hearts contrition:
And never did that wonder change his place,
But ſtill *Ieruſalem* with woe menace.

The wondring people never lookt thereon,
But their miſtruſting heart ſuſpected much,
Saying great plagues would follow thereupon,
Such privie motions did their conſcience touch:
But other-ſome would ſay it was not ſo,
But ſigne that they their foes would overthrow.

Thinke not quoth they that Iacobs God will leave,
The bleſſed ſeed of *Abraham* in diſtreſſe,
Firſt ſhall his ſword the heathens lives bereave,
As by this token he doth plaine expreſſe:
His fiery ſword ſhall ſhield this holy towne,
And heaw in heapes the proudeſt *Romaines* down.

Thus flattered they themſelves in ſinfull ſort,
Their hearts were hard, their deepeſt judgments blinded,
What godly teachers did to them report
They ſoone forgot, ſuch things they never minded:
Their chiefeſt ſtudy was delight and pleaſure,
And how they might by all means gather treaſure.

Men

Men would have thought his warning had bin faire
When God his ſtandard gainſt them did advance,
His flagge of juſtice waved in the ayre,
And yet they count it but a thing of chance:
This bad them yeeld, and from their ſins convert:
But they would not till ſorrow made them ſmart.

Then in the aire God ſhewed another wonder,
When azur'd skies were brighteſt faire and cleere,
An hoaſt of armed men, like dreadfull thunder,
With hideous clamours, fighting did appeare:
And at each other eagerly they ran,
With burniſht falchions murdering many a man.

And marching fiercely in their proud aray,
Their wrathfull eyes did ſparkle like the fier,
Or like inraged Lions for their pray,
So did they ſtrive in nature and deſire:
That all the plaine wherein they fighting ſtood,
Seem'd to mens ſight all ſtaind with purple bloud.

This dreadfull token many men amazed,
When they beheld the uncouth ſight ſo ſtrange,
On one another doubtfully they gazed,
With fearefull looks their colour quite did change:
Yet all, they did interpret to the beſt,
Thinking themſelves above all other bleſt.

The conquering ſort that did with warlike hand,
Suppreſſe the other in the bloudy field,
Declares quoth they, that *Iudas* ſacred band
Shall make unhallowed *Romanes* die, or yeeld:
And over them we ſhall have honour great,
That proudly now uſurpes King *Davids* ſeate.

See how the Devill doth ſinfull ſoules beguile,
Filling the ſame with vaine imagination,
Thinking themſelves cocke ſure, when all the while
They ſtand upon the brinke of deſolation:
All faithfull Chriſtians warning take by this,
Interpret not Gods feareſull ſignes amiſſe.

Yet loe the Lord would not giue over ſo,
But to convert them, if that it might be,
He doth proceed more wonders yet to ſhow,
All to reclaime them from iniquity:
That ſo he might remove his plagues away,
Which threatned their deſtruction every day.

The Temple gates all made of ſhining braſſe,
Whoſe maſſie ſubſtance was exceeding great,
Which they with yron barres each night did croſſe
And lockt with brazen bolts, which made them ſweat:
Did of themſelves ſtart open and undoe,
Which twenty men of might could ſcant put too.

Vpon

Vpon a day moſt high and feſtivall,
The high Prieſt went after a ſacred manner,
Into the glorious Temple moſt majeſticall,
To offer ſacrifice their God to honour:
What time the Lord a wonder did declare,
To all mens ſight, prodigious, ſtrange, and rare.

A goodly *Calfe* prepar'd for ſacrifice,
And layd upon the holy Altar there,
Brought forth a *Lambe* moſt plain before their eyes,
Which filled ſome mens hearts with ſodaine feare:
And ſore perplext the paſſions of their mind,
To ſee a thing ſo far againſt all kind.

Soone after this, they heard a wailefull voyce,
Which in the Temple ſhreeking thus did ſay,
Let us goe hence, and no man here rejoyce,
Thus figuring forth their ruine and decay.
All men did heare theſe ſpeeches very plaine,
But ſaw nothing, nor knew from whence it came.

And foure yeares ſpace before the bloudy fight,
One *Ananias* had a youthfull ſonne,
Which like a Prophet cryed day and night
About the ſtreets as he did goe and runne:
Shewing the people without dread at all,
Moſt woefull plagues ſhould on the Citty fall.

And in this ſort began his dolefull cry:
A feareſull voyce proceedeth from the Eaſt,
And from the Weſt as great a voyce did flye,
A voyce likewiſe from bluſtring winds addreſt:
A voyce upon *Ieruſalem* ſhall goe,
A voyce upon the Temple full of woe.

A mournfull voyce on wretched man and wife,
A voyce of ſorrow on the people all,
Woe and deſtruction, mortall war and ſtriſe,
Bitter pinching famine, miſery and thrall:
In every place theſe threatnings ſtill he had,
Running about like one diſtraught and mad.

With lofty voyce thus ran he through the towne,
Nor day and night did he his clamours ceaſe,
No man cold make him lay theſe threatnings down,
By no intreaty would he hold his peace:
Although he was in Dungeon deepely laid,
Yet there his cries did make them more afraid.

The Magiſtrates that moſt forbad his cry,
And ſaw his boldneſſe more and more ariſe,
With grievous ſcourges whip him bitterly,
Yet came no teares out of his pleaſant eyes:
The more his ſtripes, the higher went his voyce,
In foreſt torment did he moſt rejoyce.

But

But when the *Iewes* perceiv'd how he was bent,
And that their eares were cloyed with his cryes,
They counted it but ſportfull merriment,
A nine dayes wonder that in ſhort time dyes:
So that afreſh their follies they begin,
And for his ſpeech they paſſed not a pin.

But as the holy Scriptures doe bewray,
To dainty cheere they jocondly ſate downe,
And well refreſht, they roſe againe to play,
In ſmiling ſort when God did fiercely frowne:
And never more to mirth were they diſpoſed,
Then when the Lord his wrath to them diſcloſed.

¶ *The tydings brought of the enemies approach, and the feare of the Cittizens: their proviſion of victuals for twenty yeares burnt in one night, by one of their owne captaines, of meere malice, which cauſed a ſodaine dearth to follow: their ſedition and diviſion betweene themſelves while the Citty was beſieged.*

BVt whil'ſt that they their ſugred Iunkets taſted,
Vnto the Citie came a tyred poſt,
Full weake and weary, and with travell waſted,
who brought thē word their foes wer on their coaſt
which whē they knew, their meriments were daſhed
Theſe dolefull newes made them full ſore abaſhed.

Their

Their Cipreſſe Tables then to ground they throw,
Their ſilver diſhes, and their cups of gould,
For haſt to meet the proud invading ſoe, (bold:
Feare makes them mad, but courage makes them
And to defend the brunt of future harmes,
They leave their Ladies, and imbrace their arms.

Inſtead of Lutes and ſweet reſounding Vials,
They ſound the Trumpet and the ratling drum,
Their barbed Steeds they put to divers tryals,
How they can manage, ſtop, carry, and run:
Their cunning harpers now muſt harneſſe beare,
Their nimble dauncers war-like weapons weare.

But ere their wrathfull foes approached neere,
The ſtore-houſes the Governers did fill,
With wholſome victuals which for twenty yeare,
Would ſerve two hundredthouſand caſt by bill,
But all the ſame by one ſeditious Squire,
Was in one night conſum'd with flaming fire.

For why the Citizens to diſcord fell,
So giddy headed were they alwaies found,
And in their rage like furious fiends of hell,
In murdering ſort they did each other wound:
And when they entred in this divelliſh ſtrife,
They ſpared neither Infant, man, nor wife:

Into

Into three parts the people were divided,
And one againſt another hatred bore,
The chiefeſt ſort ſeditiouſly were guided,
Whereby uncivill mutinies vexe them ſore:
So that the ſorrow of the forreine war,
Was nothing to their bloudy civill jarre.

And ſo malicious did their rancor riſe,
That they the holy Temple did defile,
All ſuch as come to offer ſacrifice,
They murdered ſtraight, remorſe they did exile:
The ſacrificer with the ſacrifice,
Both bath'd in bloud men ſaw before their eyes.

Thus did they make the ſacred Temple there,
The ſlaughter-houſe of many a humane ſoule,
So that the marble pavement every where,
Was blacke with bloud like to a butchers bowle:
And with the fat of men ſo ſlippery made,
That there from falling none could goe unſtayd.

And by this wicked meanes it came to paſſe,
The ſtreets and Temple full of dead-men lay,
With wounds putrified where buryall was,
Which rais'd a grievous peſtilence that day:
So hot, and fell, that thereof dyed a number,
Whoſe foule infection all the towne did cumber.

And that which was more heavie to behold,
As men and women paſt along the ſtreet:
Their weeping eyes did to their hearts unfold,
A map of murder at their trembling feete.
Some ſaw their Fathers fetching deadly groanes;
Some their husbands brains ſcatter'd on the ſtones.

Here lay a woman ſtabbed to the heart,
There a tender Infant on a Souldiers ſpeare,
Strugling with death, and ſprawling with each part:
The channels ran with purple bloud each where,
A thouſand perſons might you daily ſee,
Some gaſping, groaning, bleeding freſh to be.

Lo, all this miſchiefe was within the towne, (ſort,
Wrought twixt themſelves in wondrous hatefull
While noble *Tytus* beate their bulwarkes downe,
And at their wals did ſhew them warlike ſport:
But by diſtreſſe to bring them unto thrall,
He brake their Pipes, and ſtopt their conduits all.

A Deſcription of the horible Famine in the Citie of *Ieruſalem.*

FOr true report rung in his royall eares,
That bitter Famine did afflict them ſore,
Which was the cauſe of many bitter teares,
And he to make their miſery the more,
Depriv'd them quite of all their water cleere,
Which in their want they did eſteem ſo deere.

Alack, what pen is able to expreſſe,
The extreame miſery of this people then?
which were with Famine brought to great diſtreſſe,
For cruell hunger vext the welthieſt man:
when night approacht well might they lye & wink,
But could not ſleepe for want of meate and drink.

For by this time full Fourteene months and more,
Had warlike *Tytus*, ſieg'd that famous towne,
What time the *Iewes* had quite conſumd their ſtore,
And being ſterv'd, like Ghoſts went up and down:
For in the markets were no victuals found,
Though for a *Lamb*, they might have twenty pound.

When bread was gone then he was counted bleſt,
That in his hand had either cat or dog,
To fill his empty maw: and thus diſtreſt,
A dozen men would fight for one poore frog.
The faireſt Lady lighting on a Mouſe,
Would keep it from her beſt friend in the houſe.

A Weazell was accounted dainty meate,
A hiſſing ſnake eſteem'd a Princes diſh,
A Queene upon a moule might ſeeme to eate,
A venom newt was thought a wholſome fiſh:
Worms from the earth, were dig'd up great & ſmall,
And poyſoned ſpiders eaten from the wall.

A hundred men under this grievous croſſe,
With hunger-ſtarved bodies wanting food,
Have for a morſell of a ſtinking horſe,
In deadly ſtrife ſhed one anothers bloud:
Like famiſht Ravens, that in a ſhole doe pitch,
To ſeaze a caryon in a noyſome ditch.

But when theſe things, were all conſumed quite,
(For famines greedy maw deſtroyeth all)
Then did they bend their ſtudy day and night,
To ſee what next unto their ſhare might fall:
Neceſſity doth ſeeke an hundred wayes,
Famines fell torment from the heart to rayſe.

Then

Then did they take their horſes leather raines,
And broyling them ſuppos'd them wondrous ſweet:
A hungry ſtomacke nought at all refraines,
Nor did they ſpare their ſhooes upon their feete:
But ſhooes and bootes, and buskins, all they eate,
And would not ſpare one morſell of their meate.

But out alas my heart doth ſhake to ſhow,
When theſe things fail'd, what ſhift theſe wretches made,
Without ſalt teares how ſhall I write their woe,
Sith ſorrowes ground-work in the ſame is layd:
All Engliſh hearts which Chriſt in armes do hem
Mark well the woes of faire *Ieruſalem*.

When all was ſpent, and nothing left to eate,
Whereby they might maintaine their feeble life,
Then doth the wife her husband deere intreat,
To end her miſery by his wounding knife:
Maids weep for food, and children make their moan
Their parents ſigh when they can give them none.

Some men with hunger falleth raging mad,
Gnawing the ſtones and timber where they walke,
Some other ſtaggering and wondrous ſad,
Dyes in the ſtreets as with their friends they talke:
And otherſome lickes up the vomit faſt,
Which their ſicke neighbours in their houſes caſt

Nay more than this, though this be all too much,
Ioſephus writes that men and maidens young
The which of late did ſcorn brown-bread to touch,
Suſtaind themſelves with one anothers doung.
Remember this you that ſo dainty be,
And praiſe Gods name for all things ſent to thee.

All things were brought by Famine out of frame,
For modeſt Chaſtity to it gave place,
High honoured Virgins that for very ſhame,
Would hardly looke on men with open face,
One bit of bread never ſo courſe and browne,
Would win them to the fouleſt knave in towne.

¶ The ſeditious Captaines *Schimion* and *Iehocana* ſearch *all the houſes in the City for victuals, they take from a noble* Lady *all her proviſion, leaving her and her* Son *comfortleſſe, ſhewing the great mone ſhe made.*

THe curſt ſeditious Captaines and their crue,
when they perceiv'd the famine grow ſo great,
In all mens houſes would they ſearch and view,
In every corner both for bread and meat:
If any did their bould requeſt deny,
On murdering ſwords they were right ſure to die.

Among

Among the reſt where they a ſearching went,
Vnto a gallant Ladies houſe they came,
And there before her victuals quite was ſpent,
With hardened hearts, and faces voyd of ſhame,
They tooke her ſtore with many a bitter threat,
And left her not one bit of bread to eate.

The noble Lady on her tender knees,
With flouds of teares diſtilling from her eyes,
Their cruelty when ſhe ſo plainely ſees,
In mournefull ſort unto them thus ſhe cryes:
Vpon a woefull Lady take ſome pitty,
And let not famine ſlay me in this City.

Of all the ſtore which you have tooke away,
Leave one brown loafe, for my poore child and me:
That we may eate but one bit in a day,
To ſave our lives from extreame miſery,
Thus holding up her lillie hand ſhe cried,
The more ſhe crav'd the more ſhe was denied.

If you quoth ſhe cannot afford me bread,
One dried ſtock-fiſh doe on me beſtow,
For my poore Infants life I greatly dread,
If thus diſtreſt you leave me when you goe:
Brave men of might ſhew pitty for his ſake,
And I thereof a thouſand meales will make.

O call to mind my child is nobly borne,
Of honourable bloud and high degree,
Then leave us not brave Captaines thus forlorne,
Your countries friend one day this child may be:
O let me not this gentle favour misse,
I may one day require far more than this.

Then answered they in harsh and churlish sort,
But tell us not of honourable state,
And if thou wilt wee'l cut thy Infants throat,
So shall he need no meate, then cease to prate.
Men must have meate, let children die and starve,
If we want food in wars how can we serue.

With bended browes they strove to get away,
But she upon her knees did follow fast,
And taking hold on their confus'd aray,
This sad complaint from her hearts pallace past:
Renouned Lords our Cities sure defence,
O let me speake once more ere you goe hence.

If you lacke money, see I have good store
Wherein great *Cesars* Image is portraide,
Therefore of gift, I will demand no more,
To buy me food, let me not be denayd.
For five red herrings, ten Crowns shall you have,
Ile pay it downe with vantage if you crave.

That

That damned Coyne (quoth they) we do deteſt,
And therewithall thy ſelfe, which all this while
Haſt kept our foes foule Picture in thy Cheſt,
Which ſeekes this holy City to defile:
Thou getſt no food, and therfore hold thy tongue
Hang, ſtarve, and die, thou canſt not dy more young.

O pardon yet (quoth ſhe) my earneſt ſpeech,
Doe not my words to Poyſon ſo convert,
Take here my Chaine, I humbly doe beſeech,
Of Pearle and Diamonds for one ſilly ſprat:
One Sprat (ſweet men) caſt but upon the ground,
For this faire chain, which coſt a thouſand pound.

Talke not to us, quoth they of Iems and chaines,
Of Diamonds, Pearles, or precious rings of gould,
One ſprat to us is ſweeter gotten gaines,
Then ſo much ſilver, as this houſe can hold:
Gould is but droſſe where hunger is ſo great,
Hard hap hath he that hath but gould to eate.

With that the teſtie Souldiers get them out,
Proud of the purchaſt prey which they had got,
The woefull Lady did they mock and flout,
Her plaints and teares regarding not a jot:
She ſighes, they ſmile, ſhe mourns, and they rejoyce
And of their prey they make an equall choyce.

But Megar famine coveteous of all,
Envying thoſe that ſhould thereof have part,
In ſharing out their purchaſe bred a brawle,
Wherein one ſtabd the other to the heart:
This fellow ſaid the other did deceive him,
He ſwore againe enough they did not leave him.

Lo thus about the victuals they did fight,
Looke who was ſtrongeſt bore away the prize,
And for a cruſt of bread, in dead of night,
They cut their Fathers throats in wofull wiſe:
The mother would her childrens victuals ſnatch,
And from his wife the husband he did catch.

¶ How the noble *Lady* and her young *Son* went to *looke out the dung of beaſts to eate, being ready to dye with hunger, and could find none: ſhewing what moane they made comming home without.*

BVt now of *Miriams* ſorrow will I ſpeake,
Whom the ſeditious Souldiers ſo diſtreſt,
Her noble heart with griefe was like to breake,
No kind of food had ſhe, then to relieve her:
With gnawing hunger was ſhe ſore oppreſt,
Nor for her child: which moſt of all did grieve her.

Alas

Alas quoth ſhe that ever I was borne,
To ſee theſe gloomie dayes of griefe and care,
Whom this falſe world hath made an open ſcorne,
Fraught full of miſery paſſing all compare:
Bleſt had I beene if in the painefull birth,
I had receiv'd ſweet ſentence of my death.

Why hath the part'all heavens prolong'd my life,
Above a number of my deareſt frends,
Whoſe bleſſed ſoules did never ſee the ſtrife,
How happy were they in their happy ends:
Great God of *Abraham* heare my mournfull cry,
Soone rid my life, or end this miſery.

With that her little Sonne with eager looke,
Vnto his woefull mother crying came,
His pretty hands faſt hold upon her tooke,
Whoſe preſence brought her praying out of frame:
And to his mother thus the child did ſay,
Give me ſome meate, that eat nothing to day.

I am (deere mother) hungry at the heart,
And ſcalding thirſt makes me I cannot ſpeake,
I feele my ſtrength decay in every part,
One bit of bread for me good mother breake,
My leſſon I have learnd, where you did lay it,
Then give me ſom-what: you ſhall heare me ſay it.

The ſighing Lady looking quite aſide,
With many ſobs ſent from her woefull ſoule,
Wrung both her hands, but not one word replide,
Sighs ſtopt her tongu, teares did her tongu controul,
Sweet Lady mother, mother ſpeake (quoth he,)
O let me not with hunger murdered be.

Deere child ſhe ſaid, what wouldſt thou have of me
Art thou a thirſt, then come and drinke my teares,
For other ſuccour have I none for thee,
The time hath bin, I could have given thee peares:
Roſe coloured apples, cherries for my child,
But now alas, of all we are beguild.

But come quoth ſhe, give me thy little finger,
And thou and I will to the back-yard goe,
And there ſeeke out a Cow-cake for thy dinner,
How ſaiſt thou ſonne, art thou contented ſo?
The joyfull child did hereat give a ſmile,
When both his eyes with water ran the while.

Then up and downe with wary ſearching eye,
In every place for beaſts dung doth ſhe ſeeke,
As if a long loſt Iewell there did lye,
Cloſe hidden in ſome narrow chinke or creeke:
When ſhe had lookt and nought at all had found,
Then downe ſhe coucheth on the fluttiſh ground.

And

And with her faire white fingers fine and ſmall,
She ſcrapes away the duſt and draffe together,
And ſo doth ſearch throughout the Oxes ſtall
For dung or hoofes or ſome old peece of leather:
But when in vaine her paines ſhe did beſtow:
She paid her heart the intereſt of her woe.

And lifting up with ſorrow her bright eyes,
She cald her little ſonne to come away.
Who ſought as faſt for ſpiders, worms and flies
As ſhe for Ordure mongſt the mouldy hay.
O ſtay a while good mother did he cry,
For here even now I did a maggot ſpie.

At which ſweet ſight my teeth did water yet,
Even as you cald, ſhe fell here in the duſt,
An houre were well ſpent, this prize to get,
To let her ſlip I thinke I was accurſt:
My hungry ſtomacke, well it would have ſtayd,
And I have loſt her I am ſore affraid.

I, I, my Sonne, it may be ſo (quoth ſhe,)
Then come away: let us together dye,
Our luckleſſe ſtarres alots it ſo to be,
Peace my ſweet boy, alacke why doſt thou cry,
Had I found any thing, thou ſhouldſt have ſeene,
That therewithall we would have merry been.

Then be thou ſtill (my ſon) and weep no more,
For with thy teares thou kilſt my wounded heart,
Thy need is great, my hunger is as ſore,
Which grieves my ſoule and pinches every part:
Yet hope of helpe alacke I know not any,
Without, within, our foes they are ſo many.

Deare mother heare me one word and no moe,
See here my foot ſo ſlender in your ſight,
Give me but leave to eate my little toe,
No better ſupper will I aske to night:
Or elſe my thumbe: a morſell ſmall you ſee,
And theſe two joynts, me thinks may ſpared be.

My ſonne quoth ſhe, great are thy cares God wot,
To have thy hungry ſtomacke fil'd with food.
Yet albeit we have ſo hard a lot,
Diſmember not thy ſelfe for any good:
No brutiſh beaſt will doe ſo fowle a deed,
Then doe not thou againſt nature ſo proceed.

But O my ſonne, what ſhall I doe quoth ſhe?
My griefe of hunger is as great as thine,
And ſure no hope of comfort doe I ſee,
But we muſt yeeld our ſelves to ſterve and pine:
The wrath of God doth ſiege the City round,
And we within fell famine doth confound.

The ſword without intends our deſolation,
Conſuming peſtilence deſtroyeth here within,
Civill diſſention breeds our hearts vexation,
The angry heavens the ſame hath ſent for ſin,
Murders and ruine through our ſtreets doe run,
Then how can I feed thee my loving ſon?

Yf pale fac't Famine take away my life,
Why then, with whom ſhould I truſt thee my ſon,
For heer's no love but hate and deadly ſtrife,
Woe is that child, whoſe parents dayes are done:
On thee ſweet boy no perſon would take pitty,
For mild compaſſion hath forſooke the City.

Once I retaind this joyfull hope of thee,
When ripened yeares brought thee to mans eſtate,
That thou ſhouldſt be a comfort unto me,
Feeding my age, when youthfull ſtrength did bare:
And have my meate, my drink, and cloth of thee,
Fit for a *Lady* of ſo high degree.

And when the ſpan-length of my life was done,
That God and nature, claim'd of me their due,
My hope was then that thou my loving ſon
In Marble ſtone, my memory ſhould renew:
And bring my corps, with honour to the grave,
The lateſt duty, men of children crave.

But

But now I ſee (my ſweet and bonny boy)
This hope is fruitleſſe, and theſe thoughts are vaine,
I ſee grim death, hath ſeaz'd my earthly joy,
For famines dart hath thee already ſlaine:
Thy hollow eyes and wrinckled cheeks declare,
Thou art not markt to be thy Fathers heire.

Looke on thy legges, ſee all thy fleſh is gone,
Thy jolly thighes are fallen quite away,
Thy armes and hands, nothing but skin, and bone,
How weake thy heart is, thou thy ſelfe canſt ſay:
I have no food, to ſtrengthen thee (my child)
And here thy buryall would be too too vilde.

Wherefore my Son leaſt ugly Ravens and Crowes,
Should eate thy carkaſſe in the ſtinking ſtreets,
Thereby to be a ſcorne unto our foes,
And gaule to me, that gave thee many ſweets:
I have prepared this my unſpotted wombe,
To be for thee an honourable Tombe.

Then ſith thou canſt not live to be a man,
What time thou mightſt have fed thy aged mother,
Therefore my child it lyes thee now upon,
To be my food, becauſe I have no other:
With my owne bloud, long time I nouriſht thee,
Then with thy fleſh, thou oughteſt to cheriſh me.

Within

Within this wombe thou firſt receiued'ſt breath,
Then giue thy mother that which ſhe gaue thee,
Here hadſt thou life, then lye here after death,
Sith thou hadſt beene ſo welbeloued of me:
In ſpight of foes be thou my dayly food,
And ſaue my life that can do thee no good.

In bleſſed *Eden* ſhall thy ſoule remaine,
While that my belly is thy bodies graue,
There is no taſt of famine, woe or paine,
But ioyes eternall more than heart can craue:
Then who would wiſh, in ſorrow to perſeuer,
That by his death might liue in heauen for euer.

The *Lady* with hunger is conſtrayned to kill her beſt *beloued and only Sonne, and eate him, whoſe body ſhee Roſted.*

WHen this was ſaid, her feeble child ſhe tooke
And with a ſword which ſhe had lying by,
She thruſt him through turning away her look,
That her wet eyes might not behold him die:
And when ſweet life was from his body fled,
A thouſand times ſhe kiſt him being dead.

His milk white body ſtaynd with purple bloud,
She cleans'd and waſht with ſilver dropping teares,
Which being done, ſhe wipte it as ſhe ſtood,
With nothing elſe but her faire golden hayres:
And when ſhe ſaw his little limbes were cold,
She cut him up, for hunger made her bold.

In many peeces then ſhe did divide him,
Some part ſhe ſod, ſome other part ſhe roſted,
Frō neighbours ſight ſhe made great ſhift to hide him
And of her cheere in heart ſhe greatly boſted,
Ere it was ready, ſhe began to eate,
And from the ſpit, pluckt many bits of meate.

The ſmell of the meat is felt round about: the ſeditious Captains thereupon came to the Lady, and threatens to kill her for meate. Whereupon the Lady, ſets part before them.

THe ſent thereof was ſtraight ſmelt round about,
The neighbours then out of their houſes run,
Saying, we ſmell roaſt-meate out of all doubt,
Which was great wonder unto every man:
And every one like to a longing wife,
In that good cheere did wiſh his ſharpeſt knife.

This

This newes ſo ſwift in each mans mouth did flie,
The proud ſeditious, heard thereof at laſt,
Who with all ſpeed, unto the houſe did hie,
And at the doores and windowes knocked faſt:
And with wild words and ſpeeches rough & great,
They askt the Lady where ſhe had that meat.

Thou wicked woman how comes this quoth they?
That thou alone haſt roaſt-meate in the towne?
While we with griping famine dye each day,
Which are your Lords, and leaders of renowne:
For this contempt, we think it right and reaſon,
Thou ſhouldſt be puniſht as in caſe of treaſon.

The lovely Lady trembling at this ſpeech,
Fearing their bloudy hands and cruell actions,
With many gentle words did them beſeech,
They would not enter into further factions:
But liſten to their words, and ſhe would tell,
The certaine truth how every thing befell.

Be not ſhe ſaid, at your poore hand-maid grieved,
I have not eaten all in this hard caſe,
But that your ſelves might ſomthing be relieved,
I have kept part to give you in this place:
Then ſit you downe, right welcome ſhall you be,
And what I have, your ſelves ſhall taſt and ſee.

With diligence the Table then ſhe layde,
And ſilver trenchers, on the boord ſhe ſet,
A golden ſalt, that many ounces waide,
And damask napkins, dainty fine, and neate:
Her gueſts were glad to ſee this preparation,
And at the boord they ſat with contentation.

In maſſie ſilver platters brought ſhe forth,
Her own Sons fleſh whom ſhe did love ſo deere,
Saying my maſters take this well in worth,
I pray be merry: looke for no other cheere:
See here my childs white hand, moſt finely dreſt,
And here his foote, eate where it like you beſt.

And doe not ſay this child was any others,
But my owne Son whom you ſo well did know
Which may ſeeme ſtrange, unto all tender Mothers
My owne childs fleſh, I ſhould devoure ſo:
Him did I beare and carefully did feede,
And now his fleſh ſuſtaines me in my need.

Yet albeit this ſweet relieving feaſt,
Hath deareſt beene to me that ere I made,
Yet niggardize I doe ſo much deteſt,
I thought it ſhame, but there ſhould ſome be layd,
In ſtore for you, although the ſtore be ſmall,
For they are gluttons which conſumeth all,

Herewith

Herewith ſhe burſt into a floud of teares,
Which downe her thin pale cheekes diſtilled faſt,
Her bleeding heart, no ſobs nor ſighs forbeares,
Till her weak voice breath'd out theſe words at laſt.
O my deare Sonne my pretty boy (quoth ſhee)
While thou didſt live, how ſweet waſt thou to me?

Yet ſweeter farre, a thouſand times thou art,
To thy poore mother at this inſtant houre,
My hungry ſtomacke haſt thou eas'd of ſmart,
And kept me from the bloudy Tyrants power;
And they like friends do at my table eat,
That would have kild me for a bit of meate.

When this was ſaid wiping her warry eyes,
Vnto her ſelfe, freſh courage then ſhe tooke,
And all her gueſts, ſhe welcom'd in this wiſe
Caſting on them a courteous pleaſant look:
Be merry friends, I pray you doe not ſpare;
In all this towne, is not ſuch noble fare.

The Captaines and their company were ſo amazed *at ſight of the childs limbes being by his Mother ſet upon the table in platters, that wondring there-at, they would not eate a bit, for the which the Lady reproves them.*

THe men amazed at this uncouth ſight,
One to another caſt a ſted faſt eye, (ſpight
Their hard remorceleſſe hearts full fraught with
Were herewithall appalled ſodenly,
And though their extreame hunger was ſo great,
Like ſenceleſſe men they ſat and would not eate.

O why quoth ſhe do you refraine this food,
I brought it forth unto you for good will,
Then ſcorne it not (deere friends) for it is good,
And I even now did thereof eate my fill:
Taſt it therefore and I dare ſweare you'l ſay,
You eate no meate, more ſweeter many a day.

Hard hearted woman, cruell and unkind,
Canſt thou (quoth they) ſo frankly feed of this,
A thing more hatefull did we never finde,
Then keepe it for thy tooth, loe there it is:
Moſt vile and odious is it in our eye,
Then feed on mans fleſh rather would we die:

Alacke

Alack quoth ſhe, doth fooliſh pity move ye,
Weaker then womans is your hearts become,
I pray fall too, and if that you do love me,
Eate where you will, and ile with you eate ſome,
What greater ſhame to Captaines can befall,
Then I in courage ſhould ſurpaſſe you all.

Why, waſt not you that did with many a threat,
Charge me with eager looks to lay the Cloath:
And as I lov'd my life to bring you meate,
And now to eate it doe you ſeeme ſo loath?
More fit I ſhould, then you herewith be moved,
Since twas his fleſh whom I ſo dearely loved.

It was my Son and not yours that is ſlaine,
Whoſe roaſted limbs lyes here within the platter,
Then more than you I ought his fleſh refraine,
And ten times more be grieved at this matter.
How chance you are more mercifull then I,
To ſpare his fleſh while you for hunger dye?

Yet blame not me for this outragious deed,
For waſt not you that firſt did ſpoyle my houſe?
And rob me of my food in my great need,
Leaving not behind a rat or ſilly mouſe:
Then you alone are authors of this feaſt,
What need you then this action ſo deteſt?

The

The ſtarved *Iewes* hearing this dolefull tale,
Were at the matter ſmitten in ſuch ſadneſſe,
That man by man with Viſage wan and pale,
Dropt out of doors accuſing her of madneſſe,
And noting well, their famine, war, and ſtrife,
Wiſh rather death, then length of mortall life.

And hereupon much people of the City
Fled to the *Romans* ſecret in the night,
Vpon their knees deſiring them for pitty,
To ſave their lives, that were in woefull plight,
And finding mercy told when that was done,
How famine forc't a *Lady* eate her *Sonne*.

Tytus the Roman Generall wept at the report of the *Famine in* Ieruſalem, *eſpecially when he heard of the* Mother *that did eate her* Child.

THe *Roman* Generall hearing of the ſame,
Tytus I meane *Veſpaſians* famous Sonne,
So griev'd therear, that griefe did teares conſtraine,
Which down his manly cheeks did ſtreaming run:
And holding up to heaven his hands and eyes
To this effect, unto the Lord he cryes.

Thou

Thou mighty *God*, which guides this mortall round
That all hearts ſecrets ſees and knowes my heart,
Witneſſe thou canſt, I came not to confound,
This goodly City: or to work their ſmart:
I was not author of their bloudy jars,
But offred peace, when they imbraced wars.

Theſe eighteene months, that I with warlike force,
Beſieged their Citie, (Lord thou knoweſt it well)
My heart was full of mercy and remorſe,
And they alwaies did ſtubbornely rebell:
Therefore good Lord, with their moſt hatefull rage,
And wondrous deeds, do not my conſcience charge.

My eyes do ſee, my heart doth likewiſe pitty,
The great calamity that they are in,
Yet Lord, except thou wilt yeeld me the City,
I'le raiſe my power and not behold more ſinne:
For they with famine are become ſo wilde,
That hunger made a woman eat her Child.

When noble *Titus* thus had made his moane,
All thoſe that from *Ieruſalem* did flye,
He did receive to mercy every One,
And nouriſht famiſht men at point to die:
But cruell *Schimion* that ſeditious Iew, (brew,
And proud *Iehocanan*, more miſchiefe ſtill did

For albeit brave *Tytus* by his power,
And warlike Engines, brought unto that place,
Had layd their ſtrong wals flat upon the floore,
And done their Citie wonderfull diſgrace;
Yet ſtubbornly they did reſiſt him ſtill,
Such place they gave to their ſeditious will.

Titus overthrowing the wals of *Ieruſalem* enters the *Citie and* Temple *with his power burning down the ſilver gate thereof, which led the way to the* Sanctum Sanctorum: *and ſetteth ſouldiers to keep it from further hurt.*

ABout that time with wondrous dilligence,
They ras'd a wall in ſecret of the night,
Which then was found their Cities beſt defence,
For to withſtand the conquering *Romans* might:
Which once rac't the Citie needs muſt yeeld,
And *Iewes* give place to *Romans* ſword and ſhield.

Renowned *Tytus* well perceiving this,
To his beſt proved Captaines, gave a charge,
That new ras'd wall the *Iewes* ſuppoſed bliſ,
Should ſcattered be, with breaches wide and large:
And hereupon, the troopes together met,
And to the wals their battering Engines ſet.

The feare of this made many a *Iewiſh* Lord,
That joynd themſelves with the ſeditious traine,
To ſteale away, and all with one accord,
At *Tytus* feete, ſought mercy to obtaine:
Whoſe milde ſubmiſſion, he accepted then,
And gave them honour, mong'ſt his noble men.

By this the mellow wall was broke and ſcaled,
With fierce alarmes, the holy Towne was entred,
Romans tooke courage, but the *Iewes* hearts faild,
Thouſands loſt their lives which for honour ventred
Schimeon, *Iehocànan*, all did fly for feare,
Iewes mourn'd and *Romans* triumpht every where.

The *Temple* faire, Gods holy habitation,
The worlds *non Parallel*, the Heathens wonder,
Their Cities glory, their joyes preſervation,
To the Roman power muſt now come under:
There many *Iſraelites* for lives defence, (thence.
Had lockt themſelves, and would not come from

The famous Citie being thus ſubdued, (crownd,
The *Romans* heads with gladſome bayes were
For bliſfull Victory on their ſide enſued,
While on the *Iewes* the worlds Creator frownd:
The Captaines of the foule ſeditious rout,
To hide their heads did ſeeke odd corners out.

The *Romans* reſting in triumphant ſtate,
Vnto the holy Temple turnd their courſe,
And finding ſhut the ſilver ſhining Gate,
They fired it retayning no remorſe,
And when the fiers flame did ſore abound,
The melting ſilver ſtreamd along the ground.

Their timber work into pale aſhes turning,
Downe dropt the goodly Gate upon the flower,
What time the wrathfull *Romans* went in running,
Shouting and crying with a mighty power:
The glory of which place their bright ſight drew,
To take thereof a wondring greedy view.

Yet did that place but only lead the way,
Vnto the holyeſt place, where once a yeare,
The high Prieſt went unto the Lord to pray,
The figure of whoſe glory did appeare:
Sanctum Sanctorum ſo that place was called,
Which *Tytus* wondring mind the moſt appalled.

Which holy holieſt place when *Tytus* ſaw,
Having a view but of the outward part,
So glorious was it that the ſight did draw,
A wondrous reverence in his ſoule and heart:
And with all meekeneſſe on his Princely knees,
He honours there the Majeſty he ſees.

This

This place was cloſed in with golden Gates,
So beautifull and ſuperexcellent,
That Princely *Tytus* and the *Roman* States,
Said, ſure this is Gods houſe omnipotent:
And therefore *Tytus* who did love and feare it,
Commanded ſtraitely no man ſhould come nere it.

And through his camp he made a proclamation,
That whoſoever did come neere the ſame,
He ſhould be hanged up without compaſſion,
Without reſpect of birth, deſert, or fame:
And more, a band of men he there ordained,
To keepe the Temple not to be prophaned.

The ſeditious ſet upon the *Roman* guard that kept the *Temple, and ſuddenly ſlew them: whereupon the* Roman *Souldiers ſet fire on the golden Gate of* Sanctum Sanctorum, *and ſpoyled the holy place with Fire.* Titus *ſought to quench it but could not, for which hee made great lamentation.*

WHile quiet thus the *Roman* Prince did lye,
Without miſtruſt of any bloudy broyle,
Proclaiming pardon, life and liberty,
To every yeelding ſoule, in that faire ſoyle:
A crew of trayterous *Iewes*, of baſe condition,
Aſſail'd the *Roman* guard, without ſuſpition.

All *Tytus* gallant Souldiers which he ſet,
So carefully the Temple gates to keep,
Vpon a ſuddaine they againſt them get,
In dead of night when moſt were falne a ſleep:
And there without all ſtay or further words,
Each man they murdered on their drawn ſwords.

Not one eſcapt their bloudy butchering hands,
Which noble *Tytus* hearing grieved ſore,
And thereon raiſd his beſt prepared bands,
Slaying thoſe *Iewes* and many hundreds more,
And with ſuch fury, he purſu'd them ſtill,
That who eſcapt, fled up to *Sion* hill.

But yet the *Romans* full of hot revenge,
For this vile deed by wicked Iewes committed,
Troopt to the Temple with a mighty ſwinge,
And having all things for their purpoſe fitted,
Did in their rage ſet on the Fiers flame,
Thoſe goodly goulden gates of greateſt fame.

And as the flaming fire gather'd ſtrength,
Great ſpoyle was practis'd by the Roman rout,
The melting gould that ſtreamed down at length,
Did gild the marble pavement round about:
The gates thus burned with a hideous din,
Sanctum Sanctorum Romans entred in.

Who

Who having hereby won their hearts deſire,
With mighty ſhoutes they ſhewed ſignes of joy,
While the holy place burnt with flaming fire,
Which did earths heavenly Paradiſe deſtroy:
This wofull ſight when *Tytus* once did ſee,
He ſought to quench it: but it would not be.

For many wicked hands had buſie beene
To work that holy houſe all foule diſgraces,
Which *Tytus* would have ſav'd, as well was ſeene,
But it was fired in ſo many places,
That by no meanes the ſpoyle he could prevent,
Which thing he did moſt grievouſly lament.

He ran about and cri'd with might and maine,
O ſtay your hands, and ſave this houſe I charge ye,
Fetch water up and quench this fire againe,
Or you ſhall ſmart before I doe enlarge ye,
Thus ſome he threatned, many he entreated:
Till he was hoarſe with what he had repeated.

But when his voyce was gon with crying out,
He drew his ſword, and ſlew the diſobedient,
Till faint and weary running round about,
He ſat him downe as t'was expedient:
And there twixt Wrath and ſorrow he bewailed,
With froward Souldiers, he no more Prevailed.

The

The Prieſts and *Iewes*, that earſt thēſelves had hidden
Within the compaſſe of that holy ground,
Againſt the *Romans* fought: and had abidden,
For to defend it many a bleeding wound:
But when they ſaw, there was no way to flye,
They leapt into the Fire, and there did die.

So long they fought, untill the parching fire,
Did burn the cloaths from off their ſweating backs,
The more they fought the more was their deſire,
For to revenge the *Temples* woefull wrackes:
They layd about as long as they could ſtand:
Or move a legge, or lift a feeble hand.

And all this while did noble *Tytus* mourne,
To ſee *Sanctorum* ſpoyled in ſuch ſort,
Layd on the ground, there did he toſſe and turne,
And ſmote all ſuch as did to him report
The wofull ruine of that holy place,
And from his ſight, with frowns he did them chaſe.

Tytus with great reverence, entred into the *Sanctum Sanctorum, and greatly wondred at the beauty thereof, affirming it to be the Houſe of the God of Heaven.*

THe cruell fire having wrought her worſt,
When that at length the fury thereof ceaſt,
Tytus aroſe all open and untruſt,
Of many teares unburdned and releaſt:
With head uncovered, mild and reverently,
Into *Sanctorum* humbly entred he.

And ſeeing the glory and magnificence,
The wondrous beauty of that ſacred place,
Which there appeared, for all the vehemence,
The flaming fire made ſo long aſpace:
Tytus did ſtand amazed at the ſight,
When he conſidered every thing aright,

And thereupon into this ſpeech he broke,
How came I in this Paradiſe of pleaſure,
This place Celeſtiall may all ſoules provoke,
To ſcorne the world, and ſeeke no other treaſure:
Doe I from earth aſcend by elevation?
Or ſee I heaven by divine revelation.

Vndoubtedly the mighty God dwelt here,
This was no mortall creatures habitation,
For earthly Monarkes, it was all too deere,
Fit for none, but him, who is our ſoules ſalvation:
O earthly heaven or heavenly Saints receiver,
Thy ſweet remembrance ſhall I keep for ever.

Now well I wot, no marvell t'was indeed,
The *Iewes* ſo ſtoutly ſtood in fence of this,
Or who could blame them, when they did proceed,
By all devices to preſerve this bliſſe?
Since firſt I ſaw the Sun, I never knew,
What heavens joyment, till I this place did view.

Nor did the *Gentiles*, without ſpeciall cauſe
From fardeſt parts both of the Eaſt and Weſt,
Send heaps of Gold by ſtraight command of laws
This ſacred place with glory to inveſt:
For rich and wondrous is this holy ſeat,
And in mans eye the Majeſty is great.

Far doth it paſſe the *Roman* Temples all,
Yea all the Temples of the world likewiſe,
They ſeeme to this like to an Aſſes ſtall,
Or like a ſtie where ſwine ſtill grunting lies:
Great God of heaven, God of this glorious place,
Plague thou their ſoules that did thy houſe deface.

Tytus thus wearyed, gazing up and downe,
Yet not ſatisfied, with the Temples ſight,
Departed thence, to lodge within the towne:
Things out of frame to ſet in order right.
Where while he ſtaid, the ſtubborne hearted *Iews*,
D.d there moſt wicked actions daily uſe.

For when they ſaw that fire had ſo ſpoyled,
Sanctum Sanctorum in ſuch pitious ſort,
Their divelliſh harts that ſtill with miſchief broyled
The treaſure houſes all, they burnt in ſport,
And precious *Iewels*, whereſoever they ſtood,
With all things els that ſhould do *Romans* good.

The reſt of the Temple likewiſe did they burne,
In deſperate manner, without all regard,
Which being wrought, away they did returne,
But many ſcapt not, without juſt reward:
The *Roman* Souldiers, quickly quencht the Fire,
And in the Temple wrought their hearts deſire.

Where they ſet up their heathen Idols all,
Their ſenceleſſe Images, of wood and ſtone,
And at their feet, all proſtrate did they fall,
Their offering ſacrifice to them alone:
In plaine deriſion of the conquered ſort,
Of whom the *Romans* made a mocking ſport.

A falſe Prophet aroſe among the *Iewes*, telling them *that the Temple ſhould again be builded by it ſelfe, without the helpe of mans hand, willing therefore to deſtroy the* Romans, *which they going about to do, brought further ſorrow upon themſelves.*

A Falſe and lying Prophet then aroſe,
Among the *Iewes*, at faire *Ieruſalem*,
Which then an abſurd fancy did diſcloſe,
Among them all, who thus encourag'd them:
Moſt valiant *Iewes*, play you the men and fight,
And God will ſhew a wonder in your ſight,

Againſt the curſed Roman turne againe,
And beate the boaſting heathen to the ground,
For God will ſhew unto your ſights moſt plaine,
His mighty power: if you doe them confound.
The Temple by it ſelfe ſhall builded be,
Without mans hand or help moſt glorioufly.

That *Iacobs* God, thereby may ſhew his power,
To thoſe proud *Romans*: which doe glory ſo
In their owne ſtrength: triumphing every hower,
In this our ſpoyle, and woefull overthrow:
Then fight O *Iewes*, the *Temple* ſanz delay,
Shall by it ſelfe, be builded up this day.

The

The wilde ſeditious beleeving of this lie,
Did ſet a freſh upon the *Roman* band,
In ſuch fierce ſort that many men did die,
But yet the *Romans* got the upper hand:
Who in new wakened wrath, that late did ſleep
Slew downe the Iewes, like to a ſort of ſheep.

Schimion and *Iehocanan* come to ſeeke peace with *Tytus, but refuſe to be in ſubjection to the* Romans, *whereupon Tytus will ſhew them no favour, but preſently aſſayled them with his power, whereupon* Schimion *and* Iehocanans *followers by ſome, and ſome forſake them, leaving them in diſtreſſe: who thereupon hid themſelves in Caves.*

THen came falſe *Schimion* and *Iehocanan*,
Chiefe Captaines, to the ſeditious traine,
With many followers weaponed every man,
Requiring peace, if peace they could obtaine:
To whom Prince *Tytus* with his chiefeſt ſtate,
Did thus reply: you ſeeke this thing too late.

How comes it now that ye intreat for life,
After ſo many miſchiefes by you wrought,
When you have ſlaine and murdered man and wife
And thouſand thouſands, to deſtruction brought?
Who then as faint as ever he could ſtand,
Came to ſubmit himſelfe, to *Tytus* hand.

How oft have I intreated you to peace,
And offered mercy, without all deſert,
When you refuſing it did ſtill increaſe,
Your trayterous dealings your chiefeſt ſmart:
I pittyed me to ſee your wofull caſe,
With your innumerable men dead in each place.

How can I pardon theſe outragious acts,
Your many murders and falſe ſedition,
With divers other abhominable facts:
For which I ſee in you no hearts contrition:
You ſeeke for peace, yet armed doe you ſtand,
You crave for pardon with your ſwords in hand.

Firſt lay aſide your ſwords and weapons all,
And in ſubmiſſive manner aske for grace,
So ſhall you ſee what favour may befall,
Perhaps I may take pity on your caſe:
And graciouſly withall your faults ſuſpence,
And give you pardon, ere you part from hence.

With

With bended brows proud *Schimion* then did looke
On gentle *Tytus*, *Iehocanan* likewiſe,
In ſcornefull manner all his ſpeeches took,
And both of them diſdainfully replies: (they
By heavens great God, we have both ſworn quoth
To make no ſervile peace with thee to day.

For never ſhall earths miſery provoke,
Our undaunted hearts to ſtoope unto thy will,
Or bend our necks unto the *Roman* yoke,
While vitall breath our inward parts doth fill:
Then unto us this favour doe expreſſe,
To let us part and live in wilderneſſe.

At this contempt was *Tytus* greatly moved,
And doth your pride continue yet quoth he?
Will not your Impudency be yet reproved?
Nor yet your ſtubborne hearts yet humbled be?
And dare you ſay that you will ſweare and vow,
That to the Roman yoke you will not bow?

At this his wrath was wondrous ſore inflamed,
Who hereupon gave ſtraight commandement,
By ſtrength of ſword to have thoſe Rebels tamed,
On whom the Romans ſet incontinent.
Who chac'd the *Iewes* and ſcattered them ſo ſore,
That they were found to gather head no more.

For

For ſecretly the *Iewes* from *Schimion* fled,
By ſome, and ſome, they all forſooke him quite,
With falſe *Iehocanan* which ſo miſled, fight
And forc't them gainſt themſelves to murdrous
Who leaving them to noble *Tytus* came,
Deſiring grace, who granted them the ſame.

Iehocanan and *Schimion* ſeeing this,
They were forſaken, and left poſt alone,
In their diſtreſſe lamented their amiſſe,
Cloſe hid in Caves, they lay and made their mone:
Where they remained perplext with famine great
Till they were ready their own fleſh to eate.

Iehocanan inforced by hunger, comes out of his cave *and ſubmits himſelfe to* Tytus, *who cauſed him to bee hanged.*

AT length out of a deep dark hollow cave,
With bitter hunger *Iehocanan* was driven,
Like to a Ghoſt new riſen from his grave,
Or like Anatomy of all fleſh beriven:
Who then as faint as ever he could ſtand,
Came to ſubmit himſelfe, to *Tytus* hand.

Into

Into this Princely preſence when he came,
With all ſubmiſſion fell he at his feete,
Saying O King of moſt renowned fame,
Here am I come as it is right and meete:
To yeeld my ſelfe into thy Princely hand,
Whoſe life doth reſt, upon thy great command.

My diſobedience, doe I ſore repent,
That ever I refus'd thy offered grace,
Bewayling my lewd life, ſo badly bent,
And my foule actions, gainſt this holy place:
Yet with thy mercy ſhaddow my amiſſe,
And let me taſte what thy compaſſion is.

Not from my ſelfe, did all my ſinne proceed,
Though I confeſſe my faults were too too many,
But was provokt to many a bloudy deed,
By him that yet was never good to any:
Bloud-thirſtie *Schimion*, led me to all evill,
Who doth in malice far exceed the Devill.

Too long alas, he over-rul'd my will,
And made me actor of a thouſand woes,
What I refus'd, his out-rage did fulfill,
And his device, did make my friends my foes.
Then worthy Victor, mitigate my blame,
And let thy glory over-ſpread my ſhame.

No more quoth *Tytus*, ſtay thy traiterous tongue,
Infect us not with thy impoyſoned breath,
Ile doe thee right, that haſt done many wrong,
Thy end of ſorrow, ſhall begin thy death:
And by thy death, ſhall life ariſe to ſuch,
To whom thou thoughtſt, a minutes life too much.

With that he wild his Captaines take him thence,
When he with Iron chaines was fettered faſt,
And afterward (meet meed for his offence)
Through all the campe they led him at the laſt,
That he of them might mockt and ſcorned be,
And then in chaines they hang'd him on a tree.

This was the end of proud *Iehocanan*,
That in *Ieruſalem* did ſuch harme,
And this likewiſe was that accurſed man,
That in his malice with a fierce alarme
Burnt all the victuall laid in by the Peeres,
That was enough to ſerve them twenty yeares.

Which was the cauſe, that in ſo ſhort a ſpace,
So great a famine fell within the towne:
Yea this was he, burnt King *Agrippaes* place,
And in the Temple ſlew ſo many downe:
But not long after he was gone and dead,
Out of his den did *Schimion* ſhew his head.

SCHIMION in like ſort being driven with hunger out of his den, appareling himſelfe in Princely attire, deſired to be brought before Tytus, *ſuppoſing he would have ſaved his life: but he commanded his head to be ſtricken off, and his body to bee cut in peeces and caſt to the dogges.*

Who ſtaring up and downe with fearefull looks,
Leaſt any one were nigh to apprehend him,
Like to a Panther doubting hidden hookes,
That any way might lie for to offend him;
Driven out with Famine, hungry at the heart,
He ſought for ſuccour of his earneſt ſmart.

And having dreſt himſelfe in Kingly tire,
In richeſt manner that he could deviſe,
That men at him might wonder, and deſire
To know what Monarke did from earth ariſe,
Far off he walked as it were in boaſt,
And ſhewd himſelfe unto the *Roman* hoaſt.

For his great heart could not abide to yeeld,
Though gnawing hunger vext his very ſoule:
Thus faintly walkt he up and downe the field,
With lofty thoughts: which Famine did controule,
Suppoſing firmely though he liv'd in hate,
He ſhould finde favour for his high eſtate.

For though (quoth he) I did the *Romans* wrong,
Yet in my deeds I ſhewed Princely courage,
Bearing a heart that did to honour throng,
And thereupon their Campe ſo oft did forage:
To haughty acts, all Princes honour owes,
For they muſt thinke that war hath made us foes.

Conſidering this, Prince *Tytus* may be prowd,
To ſuch an enemy he may favou ſhow,
And herein may his action be allowd,
That magnanimity he will nouriſh ſo:
And by his mercy make a friend of him,
That in his wars, ſo great a foe hath beene.

VVhich in this honour he himſelfe did flatter,
Of him the *Romans*, had a perfect ſight,
And round about him, they themſelves did ſcatter,
Yet were affraid, to come within his might:
And that they feard, this was the only reaſon,
They knew his craft, and doubted hidden treaſon.

But *Schimion* ſeeing that they ſhund him ſo,
He cald unto them in couragious wiſe,
Majeſtically walking too and fro,
And in this ſort, his ſpeech to them applies:
If any gallant Captaine with you be,
Let him approach, and talke one word with me.

VVith

With that ſtept forth a brave couragious Knight,
With weapons well provided every way,
A noble *Roman* of great ſtrength and might,
Who with his weapon drawne, theſe words did ſay,
Tell me, who art thou? that in ſuch attire,
VValkes in this place: and what is thy deſire?

I am quoth he undaunted *Schimion*,
The wrathfull Captaine of ſeditious *Iewes*,
That ſlew the *Romans* in their greateſt throng,
The deed whereof I come not to excuſe:
Nor doe I paſſe what you can ſay thereto,
I am the man made you ſo much adoe.

Yet let me thus much favour crave of thee,
As to conduct me to great *Tytus* ſight,
Thy noble friend, but enemy to me,
Yet doubt I not but he will doe me right:
Bring me to him, what chance ſo ere I finde,
That he may heare, and I may ſhew my mind.

The *Roman* Captaine his requeſt fulfild,
To *Tytus* royall preſence was he brought,
Whoſe hateful perſon, when the Prince beheld,
He did refuſe to heare him ſpeake in ought:
Away with him he ſayd, let him be bound,
For of all woe, this villaine was the ground.

And like a Caitive firſt let him be led,
About the Campe to ſuffer ſcoffes and ſcornes,
And after that ſtrike off his hatefull head,
The manſion houſe of miſchiefe pricking thornes:
And let his carkaſſe be in peeces torne,
And every gobbet unto dogs be throwne.

What *Tytus* charg'd was put in execution,
And in this ſort was *Schimions* hatefull end,
Who went to death with wondrous reſolution,
Not like a man, but like a hell ſh fend:
Thus *Tytus* conquerd that moſt pretious Iem,
The beatious Citie faire *Ieruſalem*.

The number of thoſe that had bin ſlaine at the ſiege of *Ieruſalem, and the number of the priſoners that* Tytus *carryed with him to Rome.*

THe perfect number of the people there, (ſlaine,
The which with hunger and with ſword was
Eleaven hundred thouſand did appeare,
As bookes of records did declare it plaine;
Beſide all ſuch as did unburyed lye,
And divers more that did in fier die.

And

And when to *Rome* the conquerer went his way,
The number of his priſoners were full great,
Full ſixteene thouſand men that inſtant day,
Were carried Captives to the *Roman* ſeat:
Amongſt the reſt the man that wrote this ſtory,
Who by his wiſdome purchaſt endleſſe glory.

Thus Chriſts propheſie truly came to paſſe,
Which forty yeares before he had expreſſed,
But with the *Iewes* of ſmall account it was,
Till they did find thēſelves ſo ſore diſtreſſed: (ſpight
He fought their life, his death they wrought with
Wiſhing his bloud on them and theirs to light.

The which according to their owne requeſt,
The Lord in wrath did perfectly fulfill,
Their channels ran with bloud and did not reſt,
Their bloud was ſpilt that Ieſus bloud did ſpill:
God grant we may our hatefull ſinnes forſake,
And by the *Iewes* a Chriſtian warning take.

FINIS.

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